

## CHARIVARIA.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE, we are told, before giving orders for the forcible feeding of the Suffragettes, tried the process on himself. So little inconvenience did he feel that he could talk perfectly well during the whole of the operation. So much for those who stigmatised it as inhumanity on the ground that it prevented a woman from speaking for some few minutes.

The TSAR, receiving the Chinese imperial naval mission, said that Prince TSAI HSUN's visit would tend to consolidate the friendship which had existed for hundreds of years between Russia and China. His Majesty might have gone further and reminded the Prince how Russia had quite recently poured forth blood and money on behalf of Manchuria.

MR. DE MORGAN's next novel, we are told, will be sold to the public at a halfpenny per thousand words. We understand, however, that it will not be possible to purchase a smaller quantity than the entire book.

We make no apology for quoting the following paragraph from *The Liverpool Daily Post*, for it undoubtedly deserves a place in our columns:—"We are officially informed that at a general assembly of academicians and associates of the Royal Academy of Arts . . . Jean Baptiste Edouard de Taille was elected an honorary foreign academician; and William Orpen (painter), F. Derwent (wood sculptor), and Ernest George Derwent Wood (sculptor), and Ernest George Academy."

Dr. Cook's whereabouts are still only a matter of conjecture. There is some talk now of fitting out a Search Expedition. This is not unusual in the case of Arctic explorers.

A Bill to secure the future of the Crystal Palace has been deposited for introduction into the next Parliament, but the difficulty of preserving a glass building in an age of aviation would appear to be almost insuperable.

About three hundred disused horse-omnibuses, it is said, are now lying idle,

and it should soon be possible to pick up one for a song. Here surely is a chance for the young doctor who cannot afford to buy a brougham.

"Skating at St. Moritz" is the title of an article in a contemporary. It is wonderful how the craze is spreading.

"AVOID THE WEATHER  
TRAVEL UNDERGROUND"

says an insulting placard issued by the

The Duke of CONNAUGHT has left England for a hunting expedition in East Africa. This confirms the rumour that Mr. ROOSEVELT one day missed a lion.

## POINTS FOR PATRIOTS.

(Generously supplied to Tariff Reform Orators by a Free Trader.)

GERMAN measles come into this country absolutely free. Is this fair? A ten-per-cent. tax on every imported measles would give the home article a chance. Vote for Tariff Reform and British Measles!

Do you love the manners and customs of old England? You do? Tariff Reform means better manners and MORE CUSTOMS!

Why buy eggs laid by hens who cannot speak a word of English? Tariff Reform means a Busy Time for Buff Orpingtons!

Ask your Pawnbroker how business is. "Very bad," he will reply. Quite so. Tariff Reform means Prosperous Pawnbrokers and More of Them!

When you dine at a restaurant the waiter is probably a German. Is this fair? No! Vote for Tariff Reform and reverse the positions!

From a letter in *The Glasgow Herald*:—

"Let each elector ponder on this question before entering the ballot box."

We pondered, and squeezed in.



"I 'EAR THIS JENKINS IS GOIN' TO GET IN; BUT DON'T YOU SAY AS I TOLD YOU—OR THE OTHER SIDE MAY LOSE 'EART, AN' I'M A LUB'RAL MESELF."

Underground Railways; but we must confess that the weather has brought it on itself.

"Well, I call it a most bare-legged thing to do," said Mrs. Jones on hearing of Lady CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON'S appearance at the Palace.

Lady CONSTANCE, we understand, is dancing for a philanthropic object, yet her performance will serve to show other members of the aristocracy how they may be able to earn a living when practically reduced to their last shift.

"The conference between the Northumberland owners and men on Saturday in respect of the Eight Hours Act resulted in no definite decision. After sitting for some hours the meeting broke up, and the following statement was issued to the press:—

BE PATRIOTIC and eat — OATS.  
LARGE Packet, 5d."

Western Mail.

So the time was not wasted altogether.

"Speaking at an overflow meeting at the Corporation Baths . . ."—*Daily Telegraph*.

How easy some things are made for the modern humorist.

### BIRRELL ON THE BOROUGHES.

[Under the heading "Mr. Birrell's Message to the West," *The Times* announces that after the second day's polling, when the results showed that about 30 per cent. of the contested Liberal boroughs had gone over to the Unionists, the Chief Secretary for Ireland gave to a Press representative the following message for the Western Counties: "The boroughs have with hardly an exception proved true. It now only remains for the counties to do the same, and the grandest victory of our time will have been won."]

I do not blame a little bluff;  
I rather like a dash of colour  
Thrown on electioneering stuff,  
Which even so is dull enough,  
But might be vastly duller.

Yet, when the facts to Heaven cry,  
If you are still for throwing dust in  
The well-informed elector's eye,  
Then I can only say, "O Fi!"  
Or else "Tut, tut! AUGUSTINE."

The West, to which your message flew,  
Defying facts as well as distance,  
Is not the Wild West; it can do  
These little sums of two and two  
Nicely, without assistance.

Not only clever clerks on stools  
But fat-head ploughmen in the furrows,  
Recalling certain simple rules  
Imbued in elementary schools,  
Had totted up the boroughs.

Your West, in fact, had got to know  
(You can't deceive these Occidentals)  
That three in every ten or so  
Who held The Faith four years ago  
Had changed their fundamentals.

"Scarce an exception?" Ah, the touch  
That lends to Truth a gloss and glamour!  
I only hope you did as much  
With those "exceptions"—verbs and such—  
In your Hellenic grammar.

Still, you are just the same to me,  
Thanks to old ties I would not dissipate;  
And, after all, these things must be  
In every famous victory  
Like that which you anticipate.

So in the West where this occurred  
May Charity extend her bounties,  
Saying, "The wish begot the word;"  
But please don't make the same absurd  
Mistake about the counties!

O. S.

### Taking German Leave.

*The North-German Gazette*, anxious to conceal the eager desire of the Germans for the victory of the Liberal Party, says:—"To whichever side, whether Conservative or Liberal, the majority of the British people gives the preference, we have, for our part, always regarded it as a matter for the British people to decide."

Many thanks for this very gracious concession.

"A local gentleman calls attention to a somewhat curious circumstance connected with the election result. If the figures for each candidate namely, 12,334, 12,270, 11,529, and 11,058 are added, together with 741, the figure by which Mr. Knott beat Mr. Stuart, the total is 70 which is the age of Mr. Storey."—*Sunderland Daily Echo*. Subtract 10 and you get the date of the new moon.

### THE COW.

I.

From William Hobsleigh, Pear Tree Farm, Farwell, Bucks,  
to Ronald Campion, J.P., Blisworth Hall, Calthorpe,  
Berks.

Jan. 4, 19—.

SIR,—On Monday last I was driving cows along the road close by and your motor car came along at a great pace it run into one of my cows and throwed her over she can never be the same cow again now Sir I am only a farmer and will you please to pay compensation I leave it to you

Yours respectfully WILLIAM HOBSLEIGH.

P.S.—The cow is very bad

II.

From Ronald Campion, J.P., to William Hobsleigh.

Jan. 5, 19—.

SIR,—I have received your letter and have made enquiries of the driver of my car. He tells me that on Monday last he was driving very slowly and carefully owing to a fog, and was sounding his horn at frequent intervals. According to his account he was hardly moving at all when he met your cows, and he was on his right side of the road. No accident appears to have happened, but one of the cows slightly grazed the motor when it was almost at a standstill. It is plain that you were not exercising sufficient control over your cows, and under the circumstances I cannot see that you are entitled to any compensation, more especially as my man assures me that the cow was in no way injured and immediately rejoined her companions.

Yours faithfully, RONALD CAMPION.

III.

From William Hobsleigh to Ronald Campion.

Jan. 6, 19—.

DR. SIR,—Yours to hand and cannot believe you would wish to do me harm but Sir the cow has been very bad and remains on a bed of sickness Sir she is not an ordnery cow but one of the best milkers and a great pet of the children and my wife too she has a swelling in her side the size of a marrer which was cored by your motor car This is no threat but why am I to suffer the cow is now groaning in torchers and we cannot bare it shall we say three pounds (3£) and no more heard about it Sir I am sure you are a gentleman

Yours respectfully WILLIAM HOBSLEIGH.

IV.

From Ronald Campion to William Hobsleigh.

Jan. 8, 19—.

SIR,—I am convinced that my man gave me an accurate and trustworthy account of what happened on Monday last, and I cannot see, therefore, that I am in any way liable to you. I regret that your cow should be ill, but I am bound to believe that her sufferings are not due to collision with my motor-car but to some other cause.

Yours faithfully, RONALD CAMPION.

V.

From William Hobsleigh to Ronald Campion.

Jan. 9, 19—.

DR. SIR,—We are expecting the cow to die any minnit and we do not know how to go on her side is now swelled terribly my wife is nursing her night and day but she cannot move her hindlegs Sir if you saw her you would say three pounds (3£) is not enough but as you are a gentleman I will take 2£ the house is all upset with it

Yours resply WILLIAM HOBSLEIGH.

VI.

From Ronald Campion to William Hobsleigh.

Jan. 10, 19—.

SIR,—To avoid further trouble I propose to send a veterinary



### SALT OF THE SEA.

Mr. Punch. "WELCOME, SIR, AND MORE SEA-POWER TO YOUR ELBOW!"

[With warm congratulations to Admiral Wilson on entering upon his new duties as First Sea Lord.]







SCENE—Housekeeper's room. Enter excited family with letter from schoolboy brother.

E. F. "HURRAH! MRS. RUGGLES, ARCHIE HAS GOT HIS 'FIRST FIFTEEN' COLOURS!"

Mrs. R. "WELL, WELL—BLESS HIS HEART, THAT'S GOOD NEWS. AND HOW MANY MORE WILL HE HAVE TO GET?"

surgeon to your farm the day after to-morrow at 11.30 in the morning. If he certifies that the cow was really injured by the collision and is suffering from that cause I shall be quite ready to pay reasonable compensation.

Yours faithfully, RONALD CAMPION.

VII.

From William Hobsleigh to Ronald Campion.

Jan. 11.

DR. SIR,—Our cow died last night and we are now berrying her so it is no use sending over Sir I am a poor man and so is my wife but we want justice that is all we want we are willing to take ten shillings for we don't want to be hard on anybody.

Yours respectfully WILLIAM HOBSLEIGH.

VIII.

From Ronald Campion to William Hobsleigh.

Jan. 12.

SIR,—I regret to hear of the death of your cow. In order to avoid further correspondence I enclose a P.O. for 10s., which please acknowledge.

Yours faithfully, RONALD CAMPION.

#### Rumoured Deafness of a Colonial Premier.

The Canadian House of Commons has overwhelmingly rejected a motion to abolish the Second Chamber. In opposing this motion Sir WILFRID LAURIER is reported to have said that he had "never heard it suggested, even by the most Radical of Radicals, that the House of Lords should be done away with." If Sir WILFRID has failed to catch the trumpet-notes of our Radical Press, we are afraid that he must be suffering from a serious defect of the tympanum.

#### THE BOY IN THE STREET.

THERE'S an undersized tyrant who governs our lives,  
From whom the police have no power to protect us,  
A cynic whose sarcasm always "arrives,"

Who, though we're his betters, declines to respect us;  
The hurling of gibes is his principal joy,  
And the "man in the street" is no match for "the boy."

With hands in his pockets and jaws on the munch

He comes, an unwashed but intelligent creature;  
On his mouth the remains of his breakfast and lunch

Form a permanent crust round that flexible feature;  
His manners are easy though hardly discreet;  
He's the crudest of critics, the boy in the street.

In taste he's a Tory, impatient of change,

And the costume that marks an inflexion of fashion  
Is greeted as soon as it comes into range

With a gesture of scorn or a start of compassion;  
His comments are rude and his juvenile squeak  
Brings a frown to the brow or a blush to the cheek.

Oh, child! you are hardly aware of the power

Of the sceptre you wield in sartorial matters;  
Your influence governs our taste in the hour

When we're making a choice at the hosier's or hatter's;  
And the "latest creation" or "ultra smart line,"  
With you at the back of our heads, we decline.

#### Aphorism for the Week.

"It is far better to use a pin-curl than to cut one's own hair."  
Sunday Times.

## JEBBOMANIA.

A STUDY IN OBSESSION.

[Extracted from "The Mourning Post" of April 1, 1911.]

## NOTICE.

THE proprietors of this journal have decided to change its title from *The Mourning Post*—the name assumed on the ever-memorable date of January 18, 1910—to *The Daily Jebb*.

[Extract from Leading Article.]

The year opened ominously for England with the abolition of the Second Chamber, the disfranchisement of all persons with incomes of more than £5,000 a year, the disbanding of our regular army and the inauguration of the Irish Republic. But it is always desirable to retain a due sense of perspective in politics, and these disasters, serious as they undoubtedly are, have been altogether dwarfed and eclipsed by the imperial catastrophe which it is our painful duty to announce to our readers to-day. Mr. RICHARD JEBB is suffering from an attack of influenza, and although the latest reports point to his speedy recovery from this depressing ailment, at least two, possibly three, days must elapse before he is restored to the full exercise of his unparalleled and superhuman powers. Meantime all that we can do is to assure our incomparable leader that the hearts of all his devoted followers go out to him in his affliction, and that they are more than ever resolved to spare no effort and stint no endeavour until the nefarious plague-spot of crypto-Cecilian Free Trade has been everlastingly eradicated from the body politic.

## ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Polling in the South Salford division—where a vacancy was caused by the appointment of Mr. BELLOC to the Viceroyalty of India—took place yesterday, with the following result:—

J. PERKINS (Lab.) .....	6,120
F. EVANS (U.) .....	6,104
R. JEBB (Jebbite) .....	310

Mr. RICHARD JEBB, in an interview with a representative of *The Daily Jebb*, said that he was entirely satisfied with the result. Not only had he purified his poll by fifty per cent. since his last candidature, but he had succeeded in rescuing the Unionist Party from the humiliation of being represented by a man who was tainted by the Free Trade heresy. It was true that Mr. EVANS declared his adhesion to the principles of Tariff Reform, but it was none the less true that Mr. EVANS's wife's step-sister had once been engaged to the brother of a doctor who had attended Lord ROBERT CECIL's under-gardener.

## IMPERIAL VERSE COMPETITION.

The adjudicators in this competition have awarded the prize of £100 to Sir HENRY MORRIS, who sent in the following set of verses:—

"Two heroes in the selfsame country  
born  
The Channel and East Marylebone  
did adorn.  
The first with ocean's wildest waves  
did wrestle  
The second overthrew Lord ROBERT  
CECIL.  
Nature, improving on great Captain  
WEBB,  
When England's fame was at its  
lowest ebb,  
Produced the ever-glorious RICHARD  
JEBB."

## NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL.

The subscriptions for the National and Imperial Testimonial have now reached a total of £2,409 16s. 11d. Amongst the latest subscribers are the following:

	£	s.	d.
Anti-Cecilian .....	5	5	0
Jebusite .....	10	6	
Three Robertophobes ...	1	10	0
"J'accuse Boyton" .....	2	6	
Sursum Cauda .....	1	1	0
A (Lord) Bob-slayer .....	7	6	

The Committee entrusted with the task of determining the form of the testimonial have now unanimously reported in favour of the erection in the courtyard of the Hotel Cecil of a colossal group of statuary representing the modern RICHARD CŒUR DE LION slaying the Dragon of Free Trade.

## NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

We have received the gratifying intelligence that the University of Woolloomooloo has conferred the honorary degree of D.I.T. (Doctor of Imperial Thought) on Mr. RICHARD JEBB for his noble services to the Empire.

Telegrams from New York state that the residents in the post-hamlet of Cecil, Washington Co., Pa., by an overwhelming majority have resolved to change its name to that of Jebbville, as a tribute of their undying respect to the greatest Imperialist of the Twentieth Century.

We have received a message signed by three hundred prominent Tierra del Fuegians conveying their deep and loyal sympathy with the policy of this paper and stating that at a public meeting Lord ROBERT CECIL was burned in effigy.

A deputation of loyal tribesmen from Northern Nigeria waited on the Colonial Secretary yesterday with a view to the alteration of the name of the town of Jebba by the omission of the last letter. Mr. KEIR HARDIE promised his most sympathetic consideration, and the deputation retired singing the National Anthem in the Yoruba dialect.

## THE REMONSTRATOR.

II.—ABANAZAR.

ALTHOUGH when I saw him on the previous night he had been covered with grease paint and was dressed outlandishly, I recognised him instantly by his voice, a mellow, fruity organ, in which he said everything four times—that being at once one of his humorous tricks and a device to conceal the fact that he had never allowed his part to distress him, if indeed a part had been written for him at all—a voice, too, in which he said without thinking again most of the things that ran through his nimble and exceedingly sophisticated mind.

"I am glad to meet you," I said, "because I saw your performance last night, and one or two things you said perplexed me a little."

He laughed. "That often happens," he replied. "You see, I say a few things at most performances purely for a few friends in the stalls, or even for the other actors."

"Oh, do you?" I remarked. "That's very interesting. How do the authors like it?"

"Authors!" He was really amused this time. "I never act in plays where the authors count."

"Well, then," I said, "how do the audience like it?"

"Oh, they like it, of course. Look at the crowded houses."

"Yes—but look at the crowded east too. Is it all for you?"

He let that pass.

"Any way," I said, "granted the fascination of hearing a comedian say things that one cannot understand, surely there must be a certain residuum who rather like to see the point of every joke."

He admitted it.

"And isn't it a children's pantomime?" I added.

"Of course." He was very hearty about this.

"And if a grown-up person misses some of the inwardness, wouldn't a child miss even more?"

He had to agree.

"Well, is that quite playing the game?"

"Oh, come," he said, "one can't say everything for children."

"Why not?"

"Well, it's a grown-up show too, you know."

"But don't such grown-ups as go willingly reduce themselves to children? Isn't that rather the idea? Especially nowadays with so much confessedly purely childish competition?"

He did not argue the point.

"Well, then, why not talk so that children will be made happy?"

"Don't I?" he asked.

"Last night," I replied, "you said to *Aladdin*, 'For heaven's sake stop calling for your mother, like a flapper in a fog on Clapham Common.' What did that mean?"

"It's simple enough, isn't it?"

"Well, that's just it. If it is really simple it's anything but humour for children. It either means something or nothing. If it means nothing it's no great shakes as a simile; if it means anything it means too much."

"Oh, I say, aren't you overdoing the charge?"

"Not a bit—at a children's pantomime. If you said it at one of your musical comedies, where one goes to hear such things and is disappointed if one does not get them, I should say nothing. But not at a pantomime."

"But *Abanazar* was a bad man. He would not choose his topics."

"Oh, no, that won't do at all," I said. "You can't have it both ways. If you made the faintest effort to play the part of *Abanazar* consistently—if you really explained your position and made the audience know your purposes and reasons, that plea might stand; but you don't. In a pantomime notable for the realistic faithfulness of the *Aladdin* and the *Widow Twankey* and the *Princess*, you are conspicuously a detached undefined figure—a hum rous anarchist."

"But the audience laugh!"

"Oh, yes, I know. That, alas, always happens."

#### SOME SEASONABLE TABLE DELICACIES.

1. THE ST. KILDA HOLD-ALL.—It is not always wise to transplant a local dish, but the following instructions will afford, if carefully carried out, an excellent imitation of a favourite luxury of the Lonely Isle. Take two strips of seasoned old leather four inches wide and about nine in length. Cut up a bar of yellow soap into little cubes, mix these with tasty odds and ends from the pantry (scraps of cheese-rind, potato-peelings, or jam-labels), add three penny pieces of indiarubber, shredded finely, and spread the mixture thickly over one of the strips. Pepper it well, cover carefully with remaining strip, then let a saddler or a shoemaker machine the two edges thoroughly—the lockstitch will be best in case any of the contents try to escape. Bake in a stewpan for ten hours and serve hot. Get a good grip and bite well into it, and the result will be most satisfying.

2. PLUM PUDDING.—Put a quart of water into a saucepan (press it in tightly) and set on a quick fire. Pour in two currants, having first sorted them and wiped them well with a damp



Jen. "I SAY, TOM, WE WON FIFTEEN MORE SEATS YESTERDAY!"

Tom. "I LIKE YER CHEEK—'WE,' INDEED! GET YOUR VOTE AND THEN TALK ABOUT 'WE'!"

cloth; have a piece of wood handy to hit them if they should get nasty and try to hop out. Colour with one teaspoonful of red sandstone. Now make a thick paste of brickdust and flour and stir it in. Brood over it for twenty minutes or so, and when the whole thing begins to set, arrange the two currants in any pretty pattern on the top, and leave it to cool. Chop it out of the saucepan and serve as required, garnished with holly and onions. This pudding will keep for months.

3. TURNIPS À LA RusSE.—Hollow out two large turnips as though you intended to construct a turnip-lantern, rub the insides with camphorated oil, and prepare the following ingredients: One carriage candle shaved down finely, wick removed; half-a-pint of sawdust (to give consistency); a pound

of suet, and the shells of six walnuts. Melt the wax and stir in the sawdust; melt the suet and stir in the walnut-shells (which must be smashed up well); melt the lot, and add whatever flavouring you prefer—a peppermint-drop gives piquancy, but many persons use a pinch of acetylene gas. Then, while the mixture is still semi-fluid, stuff it into the turnips, and glue a piece of wood over the apex. Boil for one hour, remove lids, cut in slices and serve at once. If any are left they make splendid fire-lighters.

"It has everything to gain and nothing to lose by Socialism, and everything to gain and nothing to lose by Tariff Reform."—*Evening Standard*.

"It" was Islington; which remained unmoved by the magnificent promise of both these creeds and voted Liberal.



A TALK WITH ONE OF OUR  
DUMB PETS.

"How would you like it yourself?" said a peevish voice.

I looked carefully round the room but saw nothing. The voice continued, however.

"It's no use your trying to see me—I'm too small; but you can talk to me if you like."

"Very well," I replied; "to begin with, what *are* you?"

"I'm a microbe," was the disconcerting answer. "Oh, it's all right; I shan't hurt *you*, old chap; I'm not as bad as I'm magnified to be, and I've taken a fancy to you."

My first impulse was to shrink from the speaker, but in the absence of any idea as to his position, I kept my seat.

"You haven't answered my question yet," the microbe continued—"how would you like it yourself?"

"Like what?"

"Why, all this badgering and moving-on business! It's making life unbearable for us microbes."

I nodded sympathetically in the direction of the voice.

"In the old days one *could* have some fun! What with fevers and wars and a decent plague every few years, one could put in a pretty good time; but now it's all medical congresses and carbolic acid! It's simply sickening."

I acquiesced vaguely, as the speaker seemed to expect something from me.

"I tell you, I'm fed up with life in this country, and if I only get a decent chance I'll clear out of it. Why, what do you think happened last week? A snuffy old fool in a frock-coat and spring-side boots shut me up in a beastly little test-tube and lectured on me! If I had not been fairly spry I shouldn't be talking to you now, for if you'll believe me the brute gave orders to have me put in boiling water! Fortunately the servant dropped me instead, and I managed to escape. But it was a near thing, I can tell you! I'm shuddering now, but of course you can't see."

As a fact, I was myself feeling anything but comfortable, but refrained from making any observation.

"Perhaps I ought not to grumble too much, though," continued the voice; "I've had some good times, I must confess. I had the happy luck once to spend the best part of a year in a sardine tin. It was grand! There was a colony of us, and we were as sociable as a lot of bacilli as you'd wish to meet. All friendly and jolly and as thick as—well, very matey, anyhow. But of course it wasn't to last. I think there must have been a Jonah among us. What do you think happened? An inspector fellow came along and condemned us! Yes, it's

a fact, I assure you; he simply opened the tin, glanced at us in a most casual way, and ordered us to be destroyed! That's the sort of thing that makes microbes wretched."

"You escaped, however," I observed, somewhat unnecessarily perhaps.

"Rather! I escaped, and retired to a slum that I know of. I should be there now, no doubt, but some interfering council or board came and pulled me down! The alley, I mean. I hung about the neighbourhood as long as I could, but it was no good, I had to shift again. Now I'm here."

There was an awkward pause.

"Oh, you needn't look so panicky," continued the visitor; "as I said before I rather like you, but I couldn't dream of staying here permanently. Why not? Well, if you *must* know, there's a confounded draught in this room, and a great deal too much sunshine to suit me. I hate to say rude things to a host, but it's the truth . . ."

"I lost my best friend not long ago; and it's wretched for a microbe to be alone in the world, I can tell you. Dear old Rex, he and I were the best of pals and never had an angry word. We were spores together, and were brought up in the same glycerine. Ever lived in glycerine? No? Well, it isn't all it's cracked up to be, you can take it from me. Poor Rex is gone now—sterilised to death! He hung on as long as he could, but I could see the end was near, when he became an attenuated virus. Rex absolutely wasted to nothing, and couldn't even look at a guinea-pig! He was one of the best."

My visitor was silent for a few moments: when he resumed he spoke in a more hopeful tone.

"Now the winter is here," he said, "I intend to have a change. One can't go on for ever in laboratories stuck between sheets of glass. It's too narrow an existence for me. Where am I going? Ah, that's *el*ing; for all I know you're an inspector person yourself! Still, I don't mind saying it's in the country, and it's a pond with any amount of weed and stuff on it. Perhaps I shall have a quiet time there, and not be chased about from pillar to post. It seems too good to be true, but I'll give it a trial anyway. Good-night."

\* \* \* \*

The encycloped a fell from my hands and I looked at the clock. It was four in the morning and there *was* a draught in the room.

"Japanese gentleman wants a Teacher of bagpipe (very simple one), who can teach it after dinner, once or twice a week."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Someone is looking for trouble.

## "MADMASEL."

I CANNOT imagine why my sister did not attempt to break it to me more gently.

She simply came and told me that "Madmasel" was here to tea, and I was completely unnerved.

"Madmasel," I exclaimed. "Good heavens, what for?"

"To see us, of course," she replied lightly; "come along."

"But I can't," I cried in agony. "How awful! Is she in the house now?"

"Yes, she's waiting in the drawing-room—I came to fetch you."

"Well, I suppose I'd better find the picture-loto," I said.

In the old days picture-loto had been the great resource in all our French lessons. It was a very convenient game because you only had to say things like "Le lapin—comme il est grand!" and "L'oiseau—comme il est joli!" and you got through the hour in fine style.

"Don't be silly," said my sister. "We can't ask Madmasel to play picture-loto now. She hasn't come in her professional capacity—she's come to tea."

I shook hands thoughtfully with the air. "Bon jour, Madmasel"—comment vous portez-vous?—"comme il fait beau temps"—I think we might say quite carelessly that we were just going to play a game of picture-loto when she came—and—

"No," said my sister firmly, "we shall have to talk."

"Lead on," I said. "I am full of conversation."

But outside the drawing-room door I stopped, for I had come to a great determination.

"No," I said, "I shall speak English. I shall speak my own tongue," and in we went.

"Good afternoon, Madmasel," I began cordially. "I am delighted to see you." Madmasel bridled.

"Mais le français donc, Monsieur—vous ne l'avez pas déjà oublié?"

I faltered. "Un peu," I said feebly, and searched about for some cakes to hand her.

During tea Madmasel talked volubly to my sister. I sat trembling on the edge of a chair, and every time there was a pause I said "Vraiment," and I thought this was going to do, but at length Madmasel turned to me.

"Et, Monsieur—il ne dit pas beaucoup."

"Mais oui," I protested, "justement je viens de dire 'vraiment.'"

"Tenez," said Madmasel, speaking slowly and distinctly as to a child.

"Racontez-moi une petite histoire de votre promenade ce matin."





Father (fetching daughter from party). "WELL, LITTLE WOMAN, HAVE YOU HAD A GOOD TIME?"

Daughter. "AWFULLY SLOW, DAD. THE ONLY AMUSING PERSON WAS THE MAN IN THE FANCY DRESS."

The worst had befallen me. I was solemnly to relate a little story of my morning promenade. I thought desperately. I would say I never took walks, or I would say that I was not at liberty to make my adventures public—anything to escape.

Meanwhile Madmasel repeated the request, and my sister threw in a little unnecessary translation, adding insult to injury, for I realised only too clearly what was before me.

"Alors," I began cautiously. "J'ai vu un chien, vous savez—"

"Et qu'est qu'il faisait ce chien?"

This was unfair. I had not thought of that.

"Il—il—il marchait, vous savez." It seemed a trifle weak as a story, so I tried again. "Il voulait traverser la route et puis un—une—un automobile squashait le chien."

"O—o—oh, pauvre petit—mais ces automobiles sont terribles—terribles."

I felt I had gone too far. Madmasel's feelings had been needlessly harrowed. I tried to modify the narrative.

"Est-ce que j'ai dit un chien?" I asked. "J'avais tort. C'était un chat tout-le-temps—le chat comme il est méchant, n'est ce pas?"

Madmasel had never liked cats.

"À propos des moutons," I continued, the subtleties of the language coming to me as I gained confidence. "Laissons nous tous jouer un parti de picture-loto, quoi? Ça serait bien gentil pour le sake d'Auld Lang Syne, n'est ce pas?"

Madmasel seeming at a loss, my sister endeavoured to explain that I had a great longing to play the game again.

"Oui, oui," I said, "le lapin comme il est grand, vous savez, n'est ce pas? Je cherche."

I honestly did go to look for it, but somehow it seemed impossible to return, and I hid in the box-room until the front-door had closed behind her.

#### Overheard in Harley Street.

Doctor. Well, I've put in eleven good votes for the Party to-day.

Friend. How's that? I thought you only had two?

Doctor. Ah, but I've been keeping nine of my patients in bed.

"Sir Herbert Tree could scarcely have made a more interesting announcement than that he has acquired a new play from Mr. Zangwill's pen," says *The Westminster Gazette*. We venture to differ. He could have announced (to give only one instance) that he was about to grow a beard, and oppose Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL at the next General Election.

"Rooms for snug gentlemen, good table."  
*Journal de Commerce.*

Show this to your friends.



Coalman (who has been summoned from the street to a flat on the tenth storey—no lift). "How many hundredweight did you say, Mum?"

Lady (sweetly). "Oh! I don't want any coal! I was only telling my little girl that if she kept on being naughty you'd take her away in your big black bag, but she's behaving better now, thank you very much."

### THE LAST LAP.

[For the benefit of Orkney and Shetland and other belated constituencies Mr. Punch publishes the following gems which a correspondent has forwarded with the request that they may be distributed among suitable organs of the Press.]

For *The Manchester Guardian*.—There has been no such crisis in English constitutional history since the last occasion on which the Peers struck an effective blow at the People's rights, in the memorable contest of 1066.

For *The Daily News*.—A spirited brochure, under the heading of "The

Duke Goes Caravanning" (showing how the Duke travelled a whole week without going off his own land) is about to be issued (1) in pamphlet form, (2) as a poster 47 feet by 3, (3) as a private telegram from Mr. CLEVERTON

For *The Daily Express*.—We publish to-day a remarkable cablegram from Our Special Correspondent in New York, showing that the custom of giving away grand pianos as Christmas gifts is rapidly spreading among the working-class population of America.

For *The Daily Chronicle*.—Lord LANSDOWNE'S letter, as we read it—we may be wrong, but it isn't likely—means

not only that Old Age Pensions will be discontinued under a Unionist Government; there is in it, we think, a hidden threat of an endeavour to recover the money already spent by TAKING OLD AGE.

For *The Westminster Gazette*.—The Bread Line in New York on Saturday was FOUR MILES LONG.

For *Reynolds*.—Lord LANSDOWNE is threatening to rear pheasants in Hyde Park—the People's playground.

For *The Observer*.—We say once more—and it won't be our fault if we fail to make you believe it—that it is entirely a matter of taste. The German workman prefers the fruity, positive flavour of black bread to the insipid, negative flavour of wheaten bread. The latter, indeed, of which there is no lack in Russia, is largely used for feeding horses, and this fact in some measure accounts for the admirable flavour of their horse-flesh, so different from that of our own bus horses.

For *The Daily Chronicle*.—Every vote for the Tory is a vote imperilling Old Age Pensions. [We fear it is no use sending this to *The Daily Chronicle*. It used these very words as headlines only the other day during the elections.]

For *The Morning Leader*.—The truth about KRUPP'S. Their enormous output of sewing-machines explained. THEY HAVE NO OTHER WORK TO DO.

For *The Daily Express*.—Tariff Reform means cheaper boots, meat for half-price, and BREAD GRATIS.

For *The Star*.—Tariff Reform means SUDDEN DEATH.

For *The Daily News*.—Vote for the Liberal and Old Age Pensions at 50.

For *The Daily Mail*.—Vote for the Unionist and Old Age Pensions from the cradle to the grave.

### "THE TITS' INTELLIGENCER."

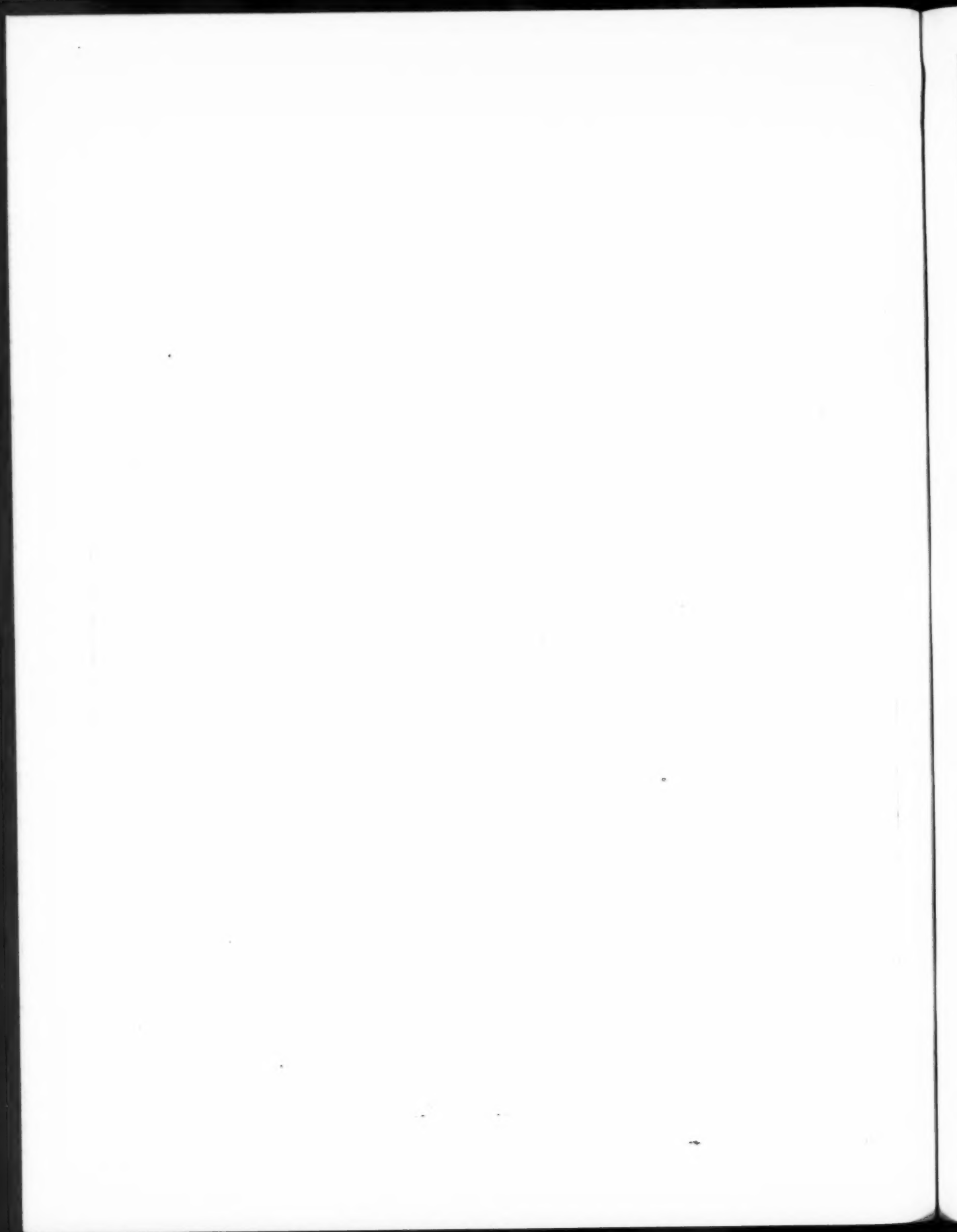
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am in a difficulty, and I need help. I have hung up in the garden a number of cocoanuts with one end sawn off, revealing the most alluring and appetising cavern; but no birds come. They have been hanging there for a month; but no birds come. The coconut meat is white and juicy; but no birds come. What shall I do? It seems that some bird gazette—some *Tits' Intelligencer*—is wanted to spread the news. But how prepare and disseminate it? Mun is very clever; he can talk from London to Paris; he can fly; he can make telescopes and microscopes; he can telegraph without wires; but he has no means of telling timtice that if they care to stroll his way they will find cocoanuts and fat in his garden. This is very absurd, and in a way humiliating, is it not?

Yours faithfully, BENIGNUS.

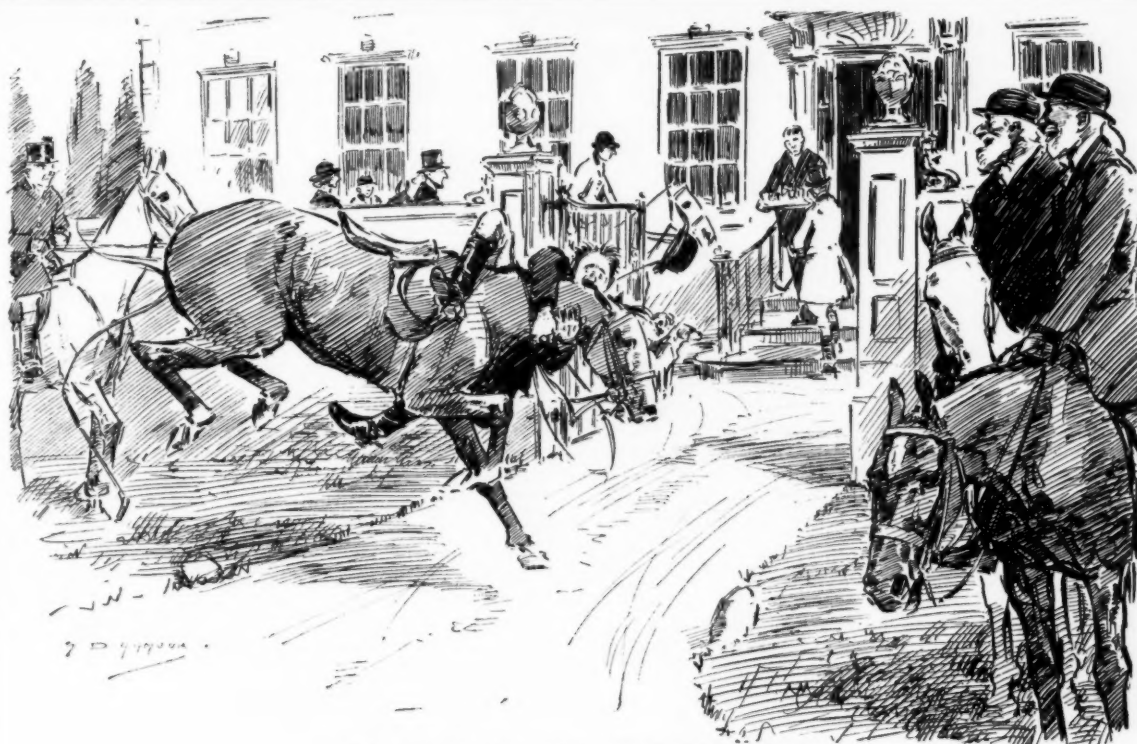


### THE MANDATE.

LIBERAL CHAMPION. "I ASKED FOR A CHARGER, AND THEY GIVE ME THIS!"







### POLITICS IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

*Conservative Farmer.* "HURRA! THERE'S ANOTHER RADICAL SEAT LOST!"

#### THE HONOURABLE SCAR.

[A Yorkshireman is said to have laughed so uproariously at an election meeting that he finally dislocated his jaw.]

TRUE scion of a race uncrumpling  
To Humour's ordinary thrust,  
Whom beef and beer and apple-dumpling  
Have gifted with the rhino's crust,  
What was the devastating wheeze  
That whelmed you with its shattering  
seas?  
What fancy of Euphrosune's  
Caused you to bust?

Was it some flower of fiscal fables?  
Was it some farce of German bread?  
A *jeu de mots* on Tariff tables?  
A little thing that WINSTON said?  
Was it the Old Age Pension "slip"  
That bade you let your buttons rip?  
Was it a pearl from GEORGE'S lip  
That pinked you dead?

I know not. But from crashing thunder  
To sounds of rookeries that caw,  
From river sluices rent asunder  
To beams divided by a saw,  
Through paroxysms unrestrained  
Of laughter that severely pained  
You rang the chimes till you sustained  
A fractured jaw.

And when the tale of wounds is counted  
Of those who for their party's sake

To foe-beleaguered platforms mounted  
And fought with mattock or with rake  
To let the cause of Progress in,  
And suffer now from voices thin,  
And huge abrasions of the skin,  
And skulls that ache—

On you I'll lay the crown of laurel;  
With balm of Gilead I'll anoint  
Your head, that in no angry quarrel  
Acquired a comminated joint,  
But (oh, thrice enviable stroke!)  
For joy and joy alone got broke,  
At finding in some speaker's joke  
A genuine point. EVOE.

#### ELECTION NOTES.

It is again rumoured that if the Liberals take office Mr. ASQUITH will still remain nominal leader of his party.

*The Daily Graphic* published a photo on the 17th inst. depicting the scene outside its offices when the election results were being announced. "The Strand was thronged by a dense mass of people watching the figures of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour gradually climbing the election ladder," said our contemporary. "Ah deary me," said an old lady subscriber, "there was a time when responsible statesmen would

have been too dignified to make such an exhibition of themselves."

\*\*\*  
"Birmingham is a *Trilby*," says Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL, "and has no voice of her own, but sings whatever her *Scengali* suggests." *Trilby's* foot, too, was famous.  
\*\*

Liberals are pointing out that only one constituency—Exeter—has returned a DUKE.  
\*\*

At North Paddington, STRAUSS shows which way the wind blows.  
\*\*

An American gentleman visiting this country is vastly amused at the unscientific way in which we carry on our elections. He declares we are babies in the art. To mention but three points. If you are a Conservative, and a Radical canvasser calls on you, you should, it seems, not dismiss him at once, but detain him in argument as long as possible, so as to prevent his canvassing other persons. Ultimately you should tell him that you will vote for his man, and so make him over-confident. And, on the day of the election, you should get the Radical agent to send a vehicle to take you to the poll, keep it waiting a good hour, and then vote Conservative.

## ON THE RANK.

(Grouler speaks.)

I.  
KEB, Lidy? . . . Not 'er! She don't look the sort. Wants one o' them bloomin' gasometer kebs, I 'spec'. An' welcome to it. An' welcome to it, I says. It'll cost 'er more—an' perraps 'er life. Did you read in the noose-paper, the other die, 'ow a lidy an' 'er biby was killed in one on 'em? That's what we wants, lots more axdents like that, an' then the public'll give 'em up perraps, an' come back to 'orse-kebs. In any event I should say as them motor kebs is doomed, for we shall 'ave airier-kebs a-comin' along soon—I s'pose they won't call 'em kebs then, they'll call 'em flies?—an' then the taxis' noses'll be put out o' joint, an' the little tin gawds'll 'ave to come down from their frones. For they're only a passin' fancy. Yuss, don't you make no mistake, they'll find 'emselfes stuffed in a mujeum afore long beside the pore old 'orse keb, for all their fine close and the grand hairs they gives 'emselfes.

There's them as speaks against LLOYD GEORGE. I ain't one o' them. In my opinion 'e's a werry good Chaunceller—a werry just man, an' a werry fair man. An' I'll tell you for why. 'E's clapt a hextra tax on their peetrol. An' a good thing too! Let them pay as can afford to. They calls 'emselfes taxis, so let 'em pay the taxes. Good old LLOYD GEORGE! 'E's done a werry just an' a werry fair thing.

My old 'ooman wanted me to take up wiv a motor-keb. I says to 'er, "Look 'ere. Which'd you rather be, the awful wedded wife of a gentlerman what drives 'is 'orse, or the awful wedded wife of a bloomin' engine-driver? That settles 'er, for she's one to fink of 'er social standin', is my old 'ooman. An' I 'e says to me, "Oh, cabman," 'e says, "plase 'ow many times do you vhistle"—they don't say "whistle" like me an' you, these hignorant furriners, they says "vhistle"—"ow many times," 'e says, "do you vhistle for a taxi-cab?" 'E 'as the cool cheek to ask me that! "Thirteen times," I sharts. An' Ma ter German 'e believe me, an' I leave 'im there a-whistlin' 'is little German inside out. Ha-ha!

. . . 'Ullo, what does this little servink-girl want? Now then, speak up, Mary Ann. What is it you wants, my dear? "What would I charge to take your missus from hover-the-way to

Huppington Gardens?" Well, you look 'ere, my dear. Tell your missus that kebs don't 'ave no bargain sales. Let 'er pay my corree' legal fare, an' we won't say no more about it, an' you shall 'ave a ride in my keb to the 'ouse frown in. Run 'ome an' tell 'er that, my dear. . . . Purty little thing, ain't she? Wouldn't mind takin' 'er anywhere for nuffink. But that's what 'er missus wanted. I know 'em well enough. She wanted a 'alf-crown ride for a bob.

Ah, b'lieve me, you don't know people *till* you knows 'em. My experience o' people's this: A gent, 'e's nearly always a gent; but a lidy's scarcely ever a lidy. They're very purty as a sex, I'll grant yer. There's some as calls em "The Fair Sex." I calls 'em "The Bare F re Sex." Mean? That ain't the word for 'em.

What d'you fink of the lidy what got into my keb yes'day with free children! She first plumps the heldest on 'er lap, then makes 'er take the nex' on 'er lap, an' that un 'olds the biby, an' then she refuges to pay for more than 'erself, arguin' as 'ow as the others was all in harms!

An' then did I tell you about the lidy an' 'er luggidge? Why, she 'ad about twenty pieces o' luggidge, an' there she was a-craumin' as many of 'em as she could hinside of the keb, so as she shouldn't have to pay tuppences for 'em. "Alf a mo', lidy," I says, "alf a mo'." "Yes, what is it?" says she. "Why, I fink I can give you a little tip," I says. "Why don't you put *half* the luggidge hinside," I says, "an' you an' the little boy ride houtside," I says, "an' then it'll only cost you tuppence each," I says. Mean old cat! An' there's plenty more like 'er.

You see that little servink-girl ain't come back agen. I was right.

Never mind, we gets quits wiv 'em now and then. I recollec' once I 'ad a old crock on paid me my bare fare, countin' it out in coppers an' freppeny-bits an' what not—I'm not sure there wasn't four farvin's among 'em—you know the sort—an' as she walks up 'er s eps as quick as possible, I looks into the keb, an' notices a di'mond brooch on the floor. "Ere, what's this, lidy?" I cries. "Not a penny more!" she hanswers back as the door slams. So she keeps 'er penny, an' I keeps 'er di'mond-brooch. Ha! ha!



## ELECTION FEVER.

REVOLTING TORY TACTICS.

"YUS, THAT'S RIGHT, IT IS A RADICAL MOTOR. GIVE IT A KICK, BILL."

... 'Ullo, what does this little servink-girl want? Now then, speak up, Mary Ann. What is it you wants, my dear? "What would I charge to take your missus from hover-the-way to

## ROBERT SUPERMAN.

Wild chaos ruled it in the Strand,  
Folly and frenzy hand-in-hand;  
Now rowdy Radicals with jeers  
Answered the Tories' raucous cheers;  
Now hooligans from Stepney, E.,  
Jostled young clerks from Battersea;  
Now West-end toffs and bouncers  
bounded—

All was confusion worse confounded.

Amid this seething sea, serene  
In all the hurly-burly scene,  
Unmoved like some great rock I saw  
A god-like guardian of the law.  
Though history was in the making,  
Though British Empires might be  
quaking,

Yet "he was more than usual calm—  
He did not give a single dam."

There in the throng, alone, aloof,  
I marked him, sphinx-like, passion-  
proof;

No joy, no sorrow showed a trace  
Upon that moveless marble face.  
Tariff Reform, Free Trade, the fates  
Of pettifogging Candidates,  
For these he did not care a tittle;  
It all was infinitely little.

To such as he what matter what  
Amazing lies are nailed or not?  
What matter if we pygmies eat  
Black bread of rye or white of wheat?  
Does the great lion heed the mole  
That's crushed beneath his royal sole?  
The forest oak-tree deign to mark  
The ants that crawl upon its bark?

As when a sacrifice is brought  
Before some carven Juggernaut,  
The struggling victims shriek and cry,  
With yells the howling mob reply—  
Above the grim and gory scrimmage  
Unmoved remains the graven image—  
So, following the godhead's plan,  
Unmoved was Robert Superman.

## THE REASON.

I HAD always expected that when the Semiramis of Streatham married Smithers he would be made to drop poor Blithers. This intelligent anticipation was not founded upon the fact that Blithers was an old bachelor friend, dating back, indeed, to an epoch long before Theodora Trotter had been even thought of—by Smithers, at all events. Such a record might doubtless have prejudiced an ordinary girl against him. But Theodora stood upon another plane. What other advanced young woman, when she found that the wearing of green, white, and violet in stripes caused her to be left strap-hanging, would have thought of wearing these colours separately on consecutive days? But she had the Cause none the less at heart because she thus



## SHAKSPEARE ADAPTED AD HOC.

WOLSEY (Asquith). "The fifth day comes a frost, a killing frost—  
And, when he thinks—good easy man—full surely  
They're coming up quite nicely, nips his roots.  
And then he feels as I do! I have ventured  
Like little wanton boys that climb on ladders  
This many evenings in a blaze of glory—  
(But it's perfectly evident there's been some sort of mis-  
calculation somewhere!)"

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A.)

cozened barbaric man upon the Under-  
ground into giving up his seat to her.  
And Blithers was barbaric—not, of  
course, in externals, but in ideas; and  
with so intellectual a girl I felt sure that  
ideas alone counted. His views upon  
Theodora's pet subjects could only be  
described as oriental, and he was brutally  
frank about them. A great traveller  
and a keen yachtsman, he was commonly  
credited with being able to give any  
professional sailor points in the number  
of ports wherein he had moorings of a  
more or less sentimental character. That  
one of the first official acts of Mrs.  
Smithers *née* Trotter would be to put  
the name of Blithers upon the *Index*  
was a foregone conclusion. I was  
agreeably confirmed in my belief by his  
conspicuous absence from her very first  
dinner-party. But his name cropped up.

"You know him, of course?" I asked.  
"He called, of course," murmured  
Theodora, "once."

"Blithers' point of view," I began  
softly.

"Delightfully old-world, and all that,"  
said Theodora; "I loved it."

"And his principles," I persisted.

"Beautifully naïve," she smiled;  
"but——"

"But?" I echoed.

"He started teaching Geoffrey topsail-  
halyard bends and things—knots you  
know—with a piece of picture-cord."

"Sounds innocent enough," I ventured.

"On the backs of my new Chippen-  
dale chairs," said Theodora.

## The Art of Happiness.

"To enjoy garden work thoroughly, the gar-  
dener must keep the proper posture. Do not  
bend your back and work with all muscles  
strained."

And if you are a coal-heaver take care  
to keep the hands smooth and clean.

"Libearls, 75," said *The Daily Chroni-  
cle* last week. If the Conservatism of  
the House of Lords is to be overcome  
there will need to be more Lib Earls than  
that.



**"IT'S AN ILL WIND, ETC.;"**

OR, THE OBITUARY ADVERTISEMENT.

Now that death duties threaten to become almost prohibitive, it is clearly the business of those who inherit property to turn to profitable account every opportunity offered to them by a family bequest. We have pleasure, therefore in providing our readers with a few samples of obituary advertisement, modelled, to the verge of plagiarism, upon originals that are frequently to be found in the provincial Press:—

THEODORE PUFF.

The death of Mr. Theodore Puff, which occurred yesterday at his residence, Cranberry Lodge, Cherry Drive, removes from our midst one of the old guard of the pastry trade. Born in 1856, he was one of the brightest examples of the old adage, "Tis stodgey as does it." Educated at Edgbaston Grammar School, he rapidly showed remarkable leanings towards pastry and a pretty taste in confectionery, and when at the age of eighteen the death of his father left him an orphan he decided to seek his fortune without parental assistance. The deceased used often to tell how he arrived at Knockham with nothing but a halfpenny bun in his pocket. By a stroke of fortune, which he regarded as fate, he disposed of this appetising morsel for three farthings, and so laid the foundations of the enormous business in Main Street, which will in future be conducted by his two sons, William and John. He became early celebrated for his doughnuts, which are still justly admired, and are sold for the reasonable price of two a penny or five for twopence. Mr. Puff (*père*) always prided himself on the purity of his confectionery, the standard of which is maintained to this day. In later years his sons, under deceased's directions, opened a restaurant business at the back of the shop, where the best lunch in Knockham may be obtained at such moderate prices as: fillet of sole, 4d.; steak, 8d.; cutlet and tomato sauce, 6d.; cold meats, 6d.; cup of tea or coffee with roll and butter, 4d.; and so on. His motto was "Tip-top tea and no tips." Smoking after 3 p.m. Deceased leaves two sons and three daughters, who survive him. The funeral, which will leave Main Street at 3 p.m. to-day, will be furnished by Silk, Brass & Co., No. 14, The Ridgway.—*The Knockham Star*.

W. B. BANNER.

We regret to announce the death, on the 14th instant, of William Bright Banner, our esteemed townsman and a member of Salem Chapel, Dewlap Road. Deceased was in his 60th year, having been born of humble parents

in a Northumberland mining village and educated privately. When he was scarcely in his teens his parents left the North, taking him with them to Leicester, where, in deference to their wishes, he entered a boot factory. In the same year that the Prince Consort died, the late Mr. Banner, in conjunction with Tobias Flog, opened a small boot repairing establishment at the corner of Meadow Lane. Deceased, by his untiring energy and determination, which he owed to his mother's influence when still a child, raised the business step by step until he was able to erect the establishment on Pigskin Hill which is known to the locality as one of the best for high-class foot-wear in Little Mocester. The deceased gentleman, who by the way took much interest in municipal affairs, having a running contract for the repair of the boots of the Borough Police, used often to recall that when he started business, boots were 16s. 0d. per pair, whereas he supplied a trustworthy article in all sizes at 4s. 11d., or in patent leather 5s. 11d. His business, which has passed into the hands of his nephew, the deceased being a strict bachelor, will be conducted as heretofore and for one week, to commemorate the decease of his relative, his heir, Mr. Montague Ephraim Banner, has determined to sell all goods at a reduction of two-pence in the pound delivered free in Little Mocester. The premises, we need not remind our readers, are the first on the left as you turn the corner out of Hurdlegate. For further particulars see advertisement on page 3. Deceased left instructions in his will that the sum of £50 should be expended on a tombstone, the order for which has been placed in the hands of Cockle, Lucas, Limited, The Crescent.—*Little Mocester Guardian*.

A correspondent writes to the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"Sir,—There are two remarkable coincidences in the figures of the Aberdeen (North) Division. The votes cast for the Liberal Candidate are exactly the same as the combined votes of the Conservative and Socialist! Further than this, the Liberal majority over Socialist is exactly the same as the number of votes secured by the Tory!"

Wait! There is yet a third overpowering coincidence!! The Liberal majority over the Tory is exactly the same as the number of votes secured by the Socialist!!! (N.B. We had a paragraph like this four years ago, and we shall probably have one at the next election. But does it do any good? No.)

"The bodily needs would be met and without any offence necessarily to the gustatory susceptibilities."—*The Lancet*.

Or "taste," as we say in England.

## AFFAIRE DE CŒUR.

Corydon.

I'll take your photo, Phyllis dear,  
And celebrate your charms right here.

Phyllis.

I cannot think what you can see  
To sing about in little me.

Corydon.

I'll leave your photo on the shelf  
And sing instead about myself.

When I was first by love possessed,  
My heart was always in my mouth;  
But, as the wild affair progressed,  
That tiresome member travelled South.

For, with so many in the field,  
Mine seemed the unluckiest of suits;  
The more I felt my doom was sealed,  
The more my heart was in my boots.

And then I tried to use finesse,  
But failed my object to achieve.  
He cannot hope for much success  
Who wears his heart upon his sleeve.

I was indeed in sorry case,  
For mine is not a heart of oak,  
And, wearing it in such a place,  
I naturally got it broke.

I thought to buy another one  
And have it fitted on the spot.  
The doctor said, "It can't be done,  
You'll have to steel the heart you've got."

But oh! the pained surprise with which  
The sympathetic fellow winced,  
As I explained the fatal hitch:  
"Twas stolen on the seventh inst."

Phyllis.

You pig, you might have mentioned me!  
I think you've acted heartlessly.

Corydon.

Oh come, I say! Look here, you know!  
You said yourself not long ago . . .

Phyllis.

You needn't argue. We must part.  
I hate a man without a heart.

"Play started with the men ankle deep in mud and the sound of their running like horses flapping through a stream."—*Leicester Daily Mercury*.

For years we have told the children that the flash didn't cause the thunder, and now it seems that we may have been wrong all the time.

"SALE of excellent HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, Piano, MARBLE BAS RELIEF of the 11th Century, by DON. E. Tello."—*Chester Observer*.

No Spaniards for us; Mike L. Angelo (N.) is the boy for our money.

From a Calendar:—

"January 13.—The Moham. New Year (1328). [Light up 5.15.]





*Public-House Proprietor.* "VOTE FOR IM!—NOT ME. 'E CAME INTO MY BAR AN' TALKED FOR A HOUR OR MORE ABOUT FREE TARIFF AND TRADE REFORM AN' LORDS EATIN' UP OUR LOAVES AND GERMANY SWALLERIN' UP WOT'S LEFT, AN' NEVER STOOD 'ISSELF SO MUCH AS A 'ARF-PINT O' BITTER, NOR EVEN ASKED ME IF I 'AD A MOUTH!"

#### A WHINE FROM A WOOPER.

ONCE on a time, ere leagues for woman's freedom  
Had shed upon the world their golden gleam,  
Ere dames had stormed the fortress of M.P.dom,  
The mere man reigned supreme.

No female dared to challenge that position;  
She only lived to grovel at his throne,  
Content if she obtained his kind permission  
To call her soul her own.

Then, lovers' vows were food for maids' digestion;  
'Then, swains received their meed of fond support,  
Or read in azure eyes the plaintive question,—  
Why come ye not to court?

That was indeed a great and glorious era;  
But now we mourn for moments that are not,  
Since modern damsels bluntly state that we're a  
Sad and a sorry lot.

Lovers, whose wounds still crave the same old healing,  
Find when they come to throw the handkerchief  
An absolutely callous lack of feeling  
Almost beyond belief.

I love my country; I would gladly serve her;  
But, since her daughters have no eyes to see

A matrimonial prize, I say with fervour,  
"This is no place for me!"

Fixed is my resolution to escape hence;  
I used to think my skin was fairly tough,  
But kicks have been more plentiful than ha'pence;  
It isn't good enough!

England, farewell, a long farewell; for why let  
The heart remain a slave for chits to tease,  
When there is many a comfy little islet  
Set in the Southern seas.

Thither I'll go, a lorn and lonely wight who,  
Grown tired of wooing Phyllises, may rest  
Content to know some coloured beads would buy two,  
Two of the very best!

"The result of the election is not considered at all in doubt, the general feeling being that Sir Luke will be elected. Only one person was killed."—*Leeds Mercury*.

Let's hope he belonged to the other side.

"She was attended by Miss —, who was attired in an écarl net princess robe, daintily trimmed lace, and finishing at waist with turquoise blue sash."—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.

Very pretty, but it finished too soon.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

My feeling about *The Anger of Olivia* (MILLS AND BOON) is that under less discreet management than that of Mr. THOMAS COBB it would probably have developed into a much more serious affair. Because undoubtedly *Olivia* had a grievance. She had been brought up to consider herself the daughter of a widowed mother whose husband had lost his life heroically at sea. Whereas her real parent, *Dick Banister*, had disappeared to America, without going through the formality of marriage. So that when this *Banister* suddenly turns up in London, very rich, and proclaims his intention of righting everything on the better-late-than-never system, well, one sees how upsetting it must have been for poor *Olivia*. If she had lived in Wessex, for instance, almost anything might have happened. As a matter of fact, nothing does—which I take to be one secret of Mr. COBB's popularity as a novelist. *Olivia* herself, a thoroughly nice girl, is admired placidly by two well-bred swains; one the insolvent but quite nice heir to a title, the other an artist and even nicer. *Banister* (who appears, somewhat unexpectedly, to be really as nice as anybody), seeing that an unmarried *Olivia* must remain an obstacle to his own belated nuptials, offers the first suitor twenty-five thousand pounds to take her and be happy. *Olivia* thereupon promptly accepts the offer, and, her anger having by this time evaporated, the book leaves off as pleasantly as it began, having once more earned for Mr. COBB the gratitude of a nice-minded public.

TOM GALLON'S novel (LONG) exhales  
The praises of that type of scamp—  
Unrecognised except in tales—  
The pseudo-gentlemanly tramp.  
The hero, nobly born as you,  
Has fallen, but his cultured air  
Shines like a bull's-eye lantern through  
The rags which are his only wear.  
At least, I gather so, although  
His doings, as depicted here,  
Lack that refinement which we know  
Clings to the caste of Vere de Vere.  
In fact, *The Great Gay Road*—the way  
On which he seeks his chequered fate—  
Is not what I should reckon gay,  
Nor yet particularly great.  
Still, GALLON'S no raw hand; his works  
Are nearly thirty (*vide list*),  
And possibly in this there lurks  
Some subtle point which I have missed.

Oblivious apparently of the unhappy predicament of his brother Peers, *Lord de Lys*, who is the hero of Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON'S *Romance at Random* (HUTCHINSON), occupied his time with a series of mild amatory adventures in different parts of the country and varying ranks of society, behaving always with that extreme chivalry which marks the knight-errant of monthly magazines, even if he happens to be a burglar. Not that *Lord de Lys* was that; I would trust him with a whole deer-forest if I had one, and if he stole anything it was merely the hearts of a procession of heroines, none of whom he met again, and none of whom I found particularly stimulating. The method of this rather watery *Prince Florizel* was to walk into strange houses and mix himself up with other people's concerns, generally love-affairs, and then, after having played Providence or made the place too hot to hold him, to disappear suddenly without leaving his card. Only once does an adventure border on the serious, and though these stories are pleasant enough reading they do not put any very exhausting strain on the emotions. I think *Lord de Lys* ought to have been roped in

by his fellow-back-woodsmen to serve the cause. He might have made a considerable sensation by appearing on the wrong platform and impersonating Labour Members.

I welcome Miss SILBERRAD'S *Ordinary People* (CONSTABLE) as a serious study of London suburban life—serious in the sense that it is sincere. Without holding a brief for Suburbia I think that of late it has been treated with scant sympathy in fiction. We have had countless opportunities to laugh at suburban people, but we have been given

few chances to learn much about them. Miss SILBERRAD is alive to the humours of Netherford, but she has not insisted upon them. Instead she has drawn a picture of the place which I, at any rate, feel to be true. We get a real insight into its little snobberies and cliques, so real indeed that were I to be suddenly planked down in Netherford I know exactly at which house I should hope to eat my early Sunday dinner. Mr. Crickeby, John Cobham and Mrs. Toller are typical Netherfordians, and (incidentally) my familiar friends. The book is perhaps unduly prolix, but in compensation we get to know these humdrum people and to realise that a most ordinary man may have at least one incident in his life which redeems him from commonplace. I regret that a touch of melodrama should have been added to *John Cobham's* love-story, for—to use a word of which Miss SILBERRAD is too fond—it is somewhat incongruous.

## A Good-Plucked One.

According to *The Exeter Express and Echo*, Mr. IAN AMORY, the defeated Candidate, addressing his supporters from the window of the Liberal Club, spoke as follows:—"We will take our defeat like ladies and gentlemen. What we have got to do is to get ready for the next one (*Loud cheers*)."



IN-PORTUNE MOMENT CHOSEN BY THE MUSE FOR VISITING A RESPECTABLE POET.